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MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

BY

TOM DEFALCO
Writer

CHRIS BURNHAM
Artist

NATHAN FAIRBAIRN
Color Art

JARED K. FLETCHER
Letterer

PAOLO RIVERA
Cover Art

MARCOS MARTIN
Variant Cover Art

"The Human Torch"
by Carl Burgos
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Irene Lee
Production

Jeanine Schaefer
Associate Editor

Tom Brevoort
Editor

Joe Quesada
Editor in Chief

Dan Buckley
Publisher

Alan Fine
Executive Producer

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FAR STRONGER THAN A THOUSAND MEN, HE HAILS FROM A MYSTERIOUS UNDERWATER KINGDOM AND STREAKS THROUGH THE SKY AS GRACEFULLY AS HE SWIMS THE DEEPEST OCEANS.
THE SUB-MARINER in PROJECT: BLOCKBUSTER!
SPRING 1941--RESPONDING TO AN URGENT SUMMONS FROM HIS FRIEND BETTY DEAN, NAMOR JOURNEYS TO CONEY ISLAND, ARRIVING IN TIME TO SEE ARMED MEN ATTACKING THE YOUNG POLICEWOMAN...
RELEASE THE GIRL, YOU PATHETIC, AIR-BREATHING FOOLS--
--OR SUFFER THE SCOURGE OF THE SEA'S MOST SAVAGE SON!
}UFFFT{
YEOW!
}ARRK{

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BETTY?
IF THEY DARED HARM YOU--!
I'M FINE, NAMOR.
WHILE I APPRECIATE THE ASSIST, I LEARNED HOW TO HANDLE JOKERS LIKE THESE BACK AT THE ACADEMY.
THEY MUST HAVE SOMEHOW LEARNED I WAS MEETING MY INFORMANT HERE.
IF YOU HAD ALREADY ARRANGED TO MEET SOMEONE ELSE, WHY DID YOU INSIST THAT I--
BLAM BLAM
GUNSHOTS!
IT'S HIM--!
"THEY'RE DETERMINED TO KILL HIM BEFORE HE CAN REPORT TO ME.
"I NEED THAT MAN, NAMOR. YOU HAVE TO SAVE HIM."
I AM UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO DO ANYTHING, BETTY.
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THERE ARE FAR TOO MANY SURFACE DWELLERS FOR MY SATISFACTION.
ONE LESS WON'T MATTER.
HOWEVER, OUT OF RESPECT FOR OUR FRIENDSHIP, I SHALL DEIGN TO AID HIM.
I AM MOST APPRECIATIVE, MY DEAR SIR.
BE SILENT, HUMAN! I DO NOT ACT FOR YOU.
VHAT IS THE SUB-MARINER DOING HERE?
HE VILL RUIN EVERYTHING UNLESS--!

BY THE SACRED TRIDENT OF NEPTUNE--!
WHO DARES SUCH A CRAVEN ATTACK?!?
BWAKK

THE HUMAN TORCH--!
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.
THIS UNPROVOKED ASSAULT IS A NEW LOW--
--EVEN FOR A COWARD LIKE YOU!

FLEEING IS USELESS FOR I SHALL-- WAIT!
YOU ARE NEITHER THE TORCH NOR HIS ANNOYING TEENAGE LACKEY.

YOUR FLAME IS THE WRONG COLOR--
--AND AS COLD AS ICE.

WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE ARE YOU?

A BAD GUY — WHO FIGHTS ON THE GOOD SIDE!
I AM WOLVERINE!
TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!
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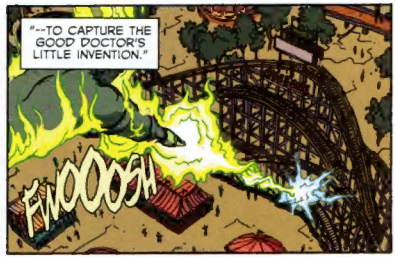
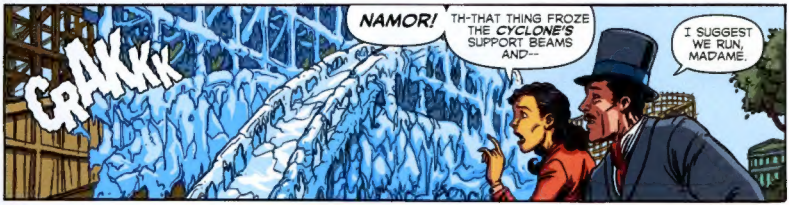
IT MATTERS NOT.
NAMOR SHALL STRIKE WITH THE FURY OF A STORM-TOSSED TIDE.
HE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED--


"--TO CAPTURE THE GOOD DOCTOR'S LITTLE INVENTION."
FWOOOSH


CRAKKK
NAMOR!
TH-THAT THING FROZE THE CYCLONE'S SUPPORT BEAMS AND--
I SUGGEST WE RUN, MADAME.

CYCLONE
CRAKKA KOOOM
IIYEEE!

YOU ARE IN SAFE HANDS, BETTY.
ALTHOUGH I DEMAND TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT CREATURE AND THE MEN WHO ATTACKED YOU.
IF YOU WILL PERMIT ME TO DIRECT YOU, SIR--
--OFFICER DEAN AND I WILL BE PLEASED TO UPDATE YOU IN THE PRIVACY OF MY MANHATTAN APARTMENT.

A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR, HE IS ALSO A HIGHLY SKILLED PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR WHO OFTEN CONSULTS WITH THE POLICE.
FERRET
MYSTERY DETECTIVE
FERRET HAS BEEN HELPING ME LOOK INTO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PROFESSOR PHILO ZOG.
YES, AND MY INVESTIGATION LEADS ME TO BELIEVE HE WAS KIDNAPPED BY NAZI SABOTEURS.
NAZIS?
A FETID POOL OF ARROGANT FOOLS AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.
NO ARGUMENT HERE.
ZOG IS A MECHANICAL GENIUS AND WE SUSPECT THE NAZIS ARE USING HIM TO BUILD SOME KIND OF SUPER-WEAPON.
WHAT BETTY HAS FAILED TO MENTION IS THAT ZOG IS THE MAN WHO DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED ELECTRO--A POWERFUL MECHANICAL MAN!
AN ARMY OF SUCH SUPER-ROBOTS WOULD BE UNSTOPPABLE!
THE GREEN CREATURE YOU FOUGHT MIGHT EVEN BE THE FIRST OF THESE MOTORIZED MARVELS.

BUT THOSE ROBOTS MAY NOT BE OUR ONLY PROBLEM.
THE SABOTEURS ALSO CLAIM TO BE ON THE VERGE OF DEVELOPING A POWERFUL NEW MILITARY DEVICE THAT CAN BRING EUROPE TO ITS KNEES
SOMETHING THEY CALL PROJECT: BLOCKBUSTER.
I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE AIR-MINES THE R.A.F. USES--
--AND THE NAVAL MINES THE NAZIS DROPPED BY PARACHUTE ON COVENTRY.
BOTH ARE CALLED BLOCKBUSTER BOMBS BECAUSE THEY WEIGH ABOUT 4000 POUNDS AND GENERATE VERY LARGE BLASTS.
BAH! I HAVE LITTLE INTEREST IN THESE STUPID SURFACE WARS.
I AM STILL CONVINCED THE HUMAN TORCH HAS SOME CONNECTION TO THAT CREATURE OF GREEN FLAME.
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THE TORCH, BUT I SINCERELY DOUBT HE'S INVOLVED.
ACTUALLY, BETTY...
ONE OF THE SABOTEURS DID MENTION HIM.
I KNEW IT!
I WILL HUNT HIM DOWN--
--AND FORCE HIM TO REVEAL THE TRUTH!
THAT MAY NOT BE NECESSARY.
I'M SURE OFFICER DEAN AND I CAN USE OUR POLICE CONTACTS TO ARRANGE A MEETING.

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A SCIENTIFIC CREATION OF PROFESSOR HORTON, HE IS THE MASTER OF ALL FLAME AND DEDICATES HIS POWERS TO HELP THOSE IN NEED.
THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO
THE FLAMING KID
THERE'S THE ROOF OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TORCH--
--BUT LOOK WHO'S STANDING WITH OFFICER DEAN AND THE CLOWN IN THE TOP HAT
PLAY NICE, TORO.
WE'RE HERE TO HELP

OOOWEE! IS THAT THE STENCH OF ROTTING FISH I SMELL OR--OH--HI, NAMOR!
BE SILENT, YOU MINDLESS MINNOW. MY BUSINESS IS WITH YOUR MASTER.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHY HIS MINION OF GREEN FLAME ATTACKED ME EARLIER.
BACK OFF, BAIT-BREATH!
FIRST--I'M THE TORCH'S PARTNER.
SECOND--WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
LET ME HANDLE THIS, TORO...
NAMOR, THE ONLY GREEN FLAMES I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED WERE A GANG OF CRIMINALS.
THEY WORKED FOR DR. MANYAC. HE INVENTED A FLYING BATTLE-SUIT THAT COULD GENERATE AN ICY COLD FLAME.
UNFORTUNATELY, IT COULDN'T WITHSTAND A WELL-PLACED RIGHT HOOK.
LIAR!
I KNOW YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE NAZIS.
SOMEBODY'S BEEN SPIKING YOUR FISH OIL, POPS.
THOSE ARE FIGHTING WORDS!
TORO, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BEHAVE.
B-BUT WE CAN'T LET THIS BARRACUDA-BRAINED BOZO GET AWAY WITH THAT NONSENSE.
ENOUGH!
I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS OUTBURST, OFFICER DEAN--
--AND WILL CALL YOU LATER.
BEHOLD! HIS COWARDLY RETREAT PROVES HIS GUILT.
ALL IT PROVES IS THAT YOU'RE OUT OF CONTROL.
YOU DELIBERATELY PROVOKED THAT POOR CHILD

YOU NEED TO WATCH YOUR TEMPER, TORO.
YOU CAN'T BE SUCH A HOTHEAD
WHY ARE YOU BLAMING ME?
NAMOR STARTED IT
HE ACCUSED US OF BEING NAZI SPIES AND--
YEOW!
GET BEHIND ME, KID!
I'LL TRY TO DRAW THEIR FIRE.
I'D RATHER YOU USED A COUPLE OF THOSE LEFT HOOKS YOU WERE BRAGGING ABOUT
I'M NOT SURE THAT TRICK WOULD WORK AGAINST THESE MODELS.

TONY STARK IS THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #14

JUNE 2009

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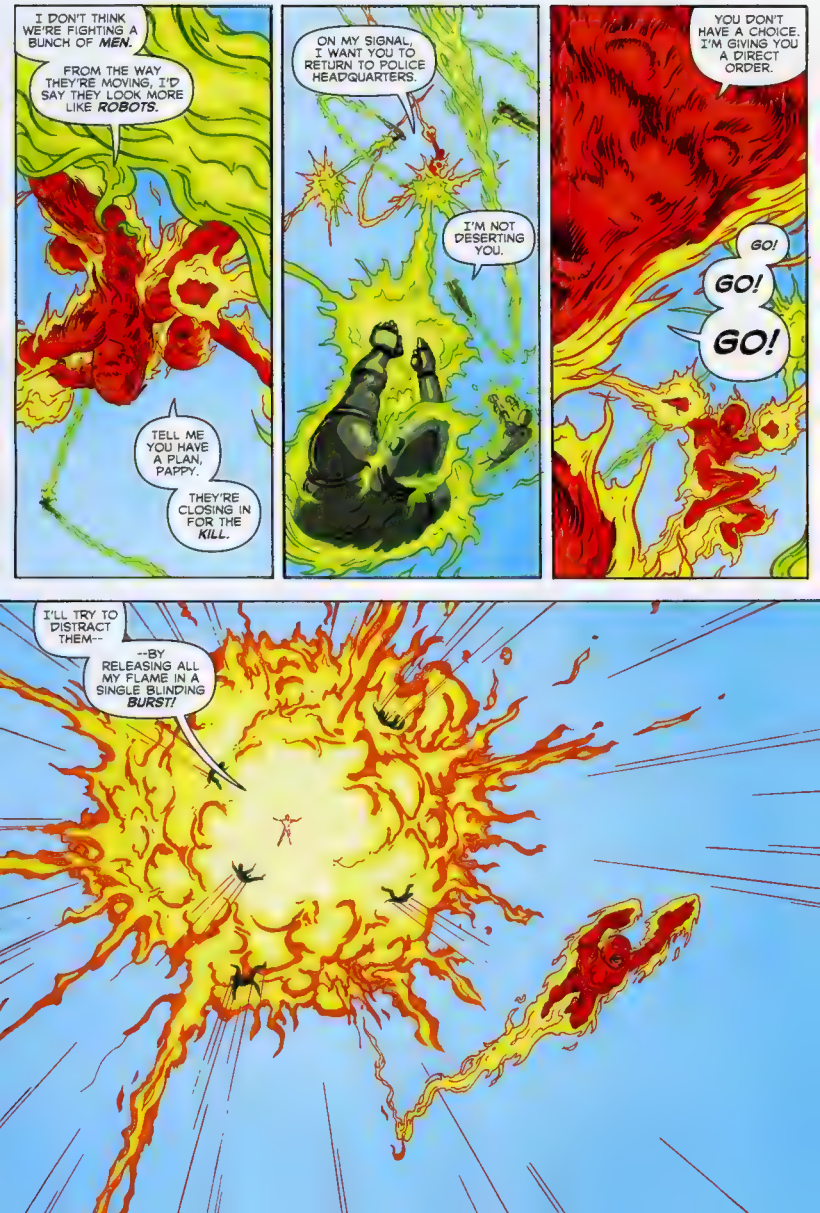
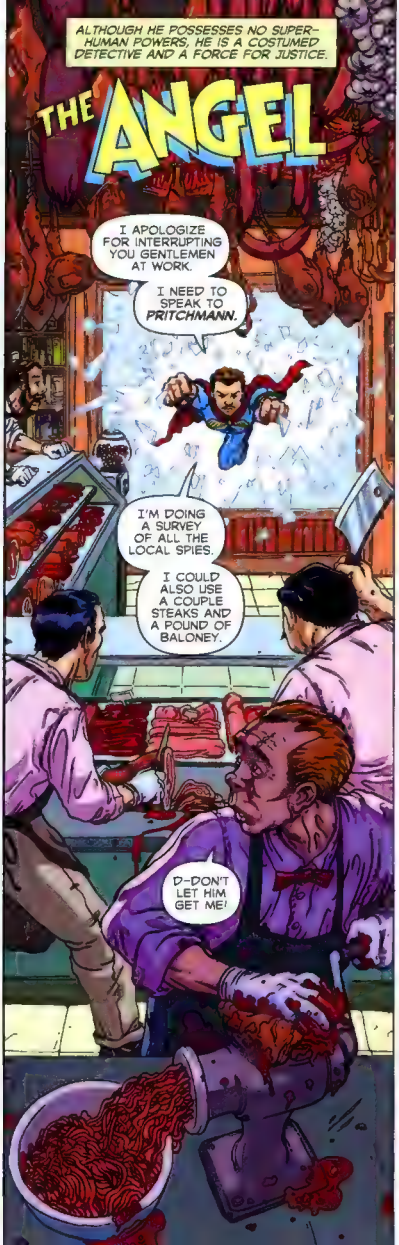
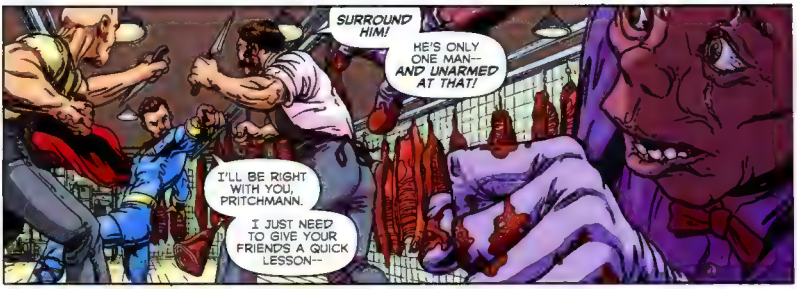
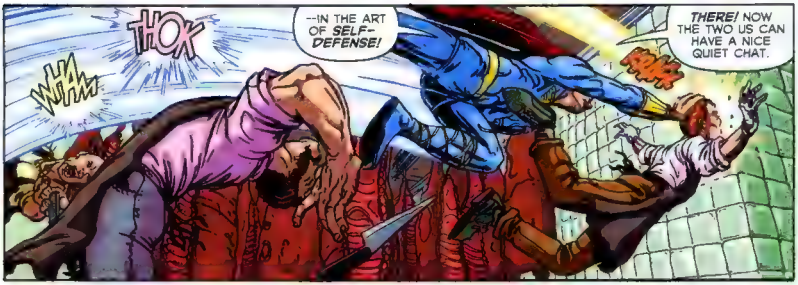

I DON'T THINK WE'RE FIGHTING A BUNCH OF MEN.
FROM THE WAY THEY'RE MOVING, I'D SAY THEY LOOK MORE LIKE ROBOTS.
TELL ME YOU HAVE A PLAN, PAPPY.
THEY'RE CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL.
ON MY SIGNAL, I WANT YOU TO RETURN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
I'M NOT DESERTING YOU.
YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. I'M GIVING YOU A DIRECT ORDER.
GO!
GO!
GO!
I'LL TRY TO DISTRACT THEM--
--BY RELEASING ALL MY FLAME IN A SINGLE BLINDING BURST!

I BELIEVE I CAN USE MY UNDERWORLD CONTACTS TO TRACK DOWN MANYAC AND--WHAT THE?!?
LOOK! IT'S TORO--!
T-THEY...
THEY GOT HIM.
THE GREEN FLAMES CAPTURED THE TORCH.
WHERE'S YOUR SMART MOUTH NOW, GUPPY?
NAMOR, PLEASE--!
SHOW A LITTLE HUMAN COMPASSION.
WE'LL FIND HIM, SON.
I'LL ALERT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER--
--AND INITIATE AN IMMEDIATE CITYWIDE MANHUNT.

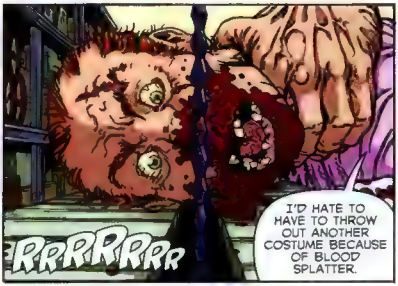

ALTHOUGH HE POSSESSES NO SUPER-HUMAN POWERS, HE IS A COSTUMED DETECTIVE AND A FORCE FOR JUSTICE.
THE ANGEL
I APOLOGIZE FOR INTERRUPTING YOU GENTLEMEN AT WORK.
I NEED TO SPEAK TO PRITCHMANN.
I'M DOING A SURVEY OF ALL THE LOCAL SPIES.
I COULD ALSO USE A COUPLE STEAKS AND A POUND OF BALONEY.
D-DON'T LET HIM GET ME!
VE VILL PROTECT YOU, HERR PRITCHMANN.
THIS LEG OF LAMB ALSO LOOKS TASTY.
WRAP IT UP!
ALTHOUGH IT IS A BIT LARGE FOR ONE MAN.
THUNK
I SUPPOSE THAT'S A SOLUTION--
--OR I COULD JUST SHARE IT WITH YOU!
THWACK


SURROUND HIM!
HE'S ONLY ONE MAN-- AND UNARMED AT THAT!
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, PRITCHMANN.
I JUST NEED TO GIVE YOUR FRIENDS A QUICK LESSON--


THOK
--IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE!
THERE! NOW THE TWO US CAN HAVE A NICE QUIET CHAT.

V-WHY ARE YOU HOUNDING ME?
I...I AM ONLY A SIMPLE BUTCHER
THERE'S A STRAIGHT LINE IF I EVER HEARD ONE--
--AND PEOPLE SAY YOU NAZIS CAN'T LAUGH AT YOURSELVES.

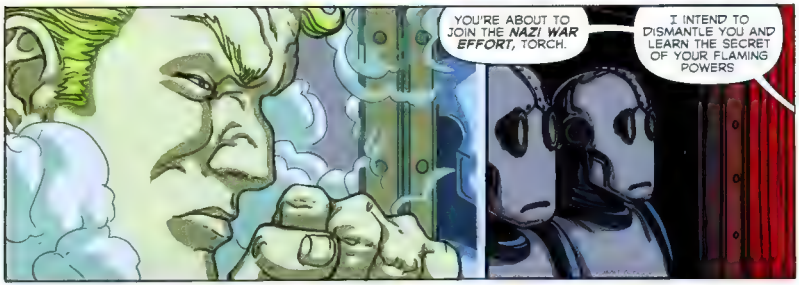
I DO HOPE YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE TORCH AND PROJECT: BLOCKBUSTER.


RRRRRRRR
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO THROW OUT ANOTHER COSTUME BECAUSE OF BLOOD SPLATTER.

THE SUB-MARINER AND THE HUMAN TORCH
IT IS SO NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TORCH--ESPECIALLY UNDER THE PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES!
I KNEW YOU WERE A MADMAN, DR. MANYAC--BUT A NAZI?!?
IN AMERICA, I WAS TREATED AS A MERE CRIMINAL.
HERR GAUFMAN AND HIS BELOVED FUEHRER RECOGNIZE TRUE GENIUS WHEN THEY SEE IT
BASED ON WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT HITLER, I DOUBT HE'S A GOOD JUDGE OF SANITY.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH PROFESSOR ZOG?

HE IS FINE--
--AS YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF.
I...I'M SO SORRY YOU FELL INTO THEIR TRAP.
IT'S ALL MY FAULT.

THE GOOD PROFESSOR IS ONLY EXAGGERATING--
HE WAS ALSO INVALUABLE WHEN IT CAME TO ***PROJECT: BLOCKBUSTER***--
--ALTHOUGH HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ROBOTICS DID AID THE CONSTRUCTION OF MY NEW ***GREEN FLAMES.***
--AND I ASSUME HE WILL CONTRIBUTE TO MY NEXT TASK.

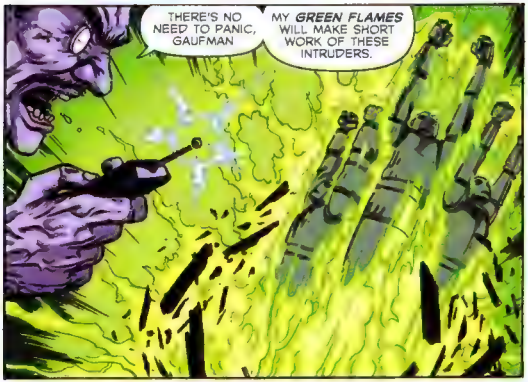

YOU'RE ABOUT TO JOIN THE ***NAZI WAR EFFORT,*** TORCH.
I INTEND TO DISMANTLE YOU AND LEARN THE SECRET OF YOUR FLAMING POWERS

MY NEXT GENERATION OF ***GREEN FLAME ROBOTS*** WILL BE ABLE TO GENERATE BOTH ***FIRE*** AND ***ICE.***
WITH SUCH AN ARMY AT HIS COMMAND, ***HITLER*** MAY NOT EVEN NEED ***PROJECT: BLOCKBUSTER.***
WELL, TORCH?
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF NOW?

I'D GO WITH...
HOO-HA!
CAN'T YOU TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY?

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.
THE CHARGES ARE KIDNAPPING AND SEDITION.
SURRENDER PEACEFULLY OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

DO SOMETHING, YOU FOOL!
THE FUEHRER DOES NOT TOLERATE FAILURE.


THERE'S NO NEED TO PANIC, GAUFMAN
MY GREEN FLAMES WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THESE INTRUDERS.

I DO SUGGEST YOU WATCH YOUR TONGUE IN THE FUTURE.
I AM NOT A TRUE BELIEVER LIKE YOU AND CARE LITTLE FOR YOUR FUEHRER'S TOLERANCES.
I...I WILL REMEMBER THAT, MY FRIEND

TORO, THAT FLAME IS LINING YOU UP--!
T-THERE'S NO WAY I CAN AVOID HIM IN TIME.

NO PROBLEM! I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN SPOIL HIS AIM.
WOW!
YOU EVER CONSIDER PITCHING FOR THE BROOKLYN DODGERS?

MARVEL
THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN
BELL
SUPER SPIDEY PROTECTIVE GEAR FROM BELL SPORTS

FOLLOW ME! I BELIEVE THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME FOR US TO TEST PROJECT: BLOCKBUSTER.
I AM FORCED TO AGREE
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, TORCH?
IT'S TIME YOU JOINED THE PARTY.
SHHH KWAK
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, NAMOR.
YOU CAN SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION BY TACKLING A FEW GREEN FLAMES.
NOT THAT I NEED YOUR HELP.
MAYBE WE SHOULD KEEP COUNT.
SORT OF A GENTLEMEN'S WAGER.

HOLD STILL, PROFESSOR!
THIS MAY STING A LITTLE
SURE!
COULD I IMPOSE UPON YOU FOR AN ADDITIONAL FAVOR, TORO?
I NEED YOU TO OPEN THAT SAFE WITHOUT MELTING THE CONTENTS
THAT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.
SEE? IT'S ALL IN THE WRIST.
WHAT IS THAT GIZMO, ANYWAY?
IT'S A WIRELESS APPARATUS THAT I INVENTED WHICH I CAN USE TO CALL--
ELECTRO
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
"AS POWERFUL AS THE GREEN FLAMES ARE--
"--THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR THE UNSTOPPABLE STRENGTH OF ELECTRO!"

IT APPEARS OUR GUESTS ARE GROWING OVERCONFIDENT.
I DOUBT THAT WILL CONTINUE ONCE THEY'VE SEEN--
PROJECT:
BLOCKBUSTER!
LOOKS LIKE MANYAC HAS SAVED THE WORST FOR LAST.
BAH! I'VE BATTLED KRAKENS AND WHALES FAR LARGER THAN THIS MONSTROSITY
REALLY?!?
THEN HE'S ALL YOURS, FLATTOP!

TORO IS ONLY KIDDING.
I THINK.
YOU AND I WILL ATTEND TO TINY HERE WHILE THE OTHERS ROUND UP HIS LITTLE BROTHERS.
BAH! I DO NOT NEED YOUR-- WUFF!
YOU WERE SAYING?
THIS THING IS COLDER THAN A GLACIER.
MY FLAME CAN'T SEEM TO PENETRATE ITS ICY EXTERIOR.
IT ALSO RESISTS MY STRONGEST BLOWS
WATCH OUT!
IF THAT FRIGID BLAST HAD STRUCK EITHER ONE OF US--!
COME WITH ME. WE NEED TO CONFERENCE.
RUNNING AWAY WON'T DEFEAT THAT THING.
NO, BUT IT WILL GIVE US A LITTLE PERSPECTIVE.
I THINK WE CAN BEAT IT BY TEAMING UP.
I CAN GENERATE A CONE OF HEAT THAT WILL PROTECT YOU AS YOU BUILD UP ENOUGH MOMENTUM--

"--TO PUNCH YOUR WAY THROUGH THAT OVER-GROWN TIN LIZZIE."
BY THE WAY, HOW MANY GREEN FLAMES DID YOU CRUSH?
SEVEN.
NOT ENOUGH
I HAD NINE.
TEN, IF YOU COUNT THIS ONE
OH, DEAR
I AM AFRAID YOU HAVE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS, DR. MANYAC.
AS HAVE I.
THE FUEHRER WILL, OF COURSE, DISAVOW ANY KNOWLEDGE OF US OR PROJECT: BLOCKBUSTER.

I...I THOUGHT HE CONSIDERED ME A GENIUS.
YOU WERE ONLY A TOOL...LIKE YOUR GREEN FLAMES AND--
ZZZZT
KA-BLAM
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE PULLED THE PLUG ON OUR PLAYMATES
COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TO A NICER BUNCH.
I'VE ALREADY SPOKEN WITH PROFESSOR ZOG.
HE HAS SOME INTERESTING INSIGHTS REGARDING MANYAC, GAUFMAN AND THE LOCAL SPY RINGS.
I CAN'T WAIT TO DEBRIEF HIM.
WE MADE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM.
BITE YOUR TONGUE.
IT WAS AN ASSOCIATION BORN OF NECESSITY.
I'D SOONER MATE WITH A MANATEE THAN WILLINGLY ALLY MYSELF WITH THE LIKES OF YOU.
ALTHOUGH THESE NAZIS BEAR WATCHING--
--AND MAY EVENTUALLY FORCE OTHER NECESSITIES UPON US.
THE END... FOR NOW!

RUNAWAYS

ISSUE #11

ONE WILL DIE

ONE WILL LIVE AGAIN

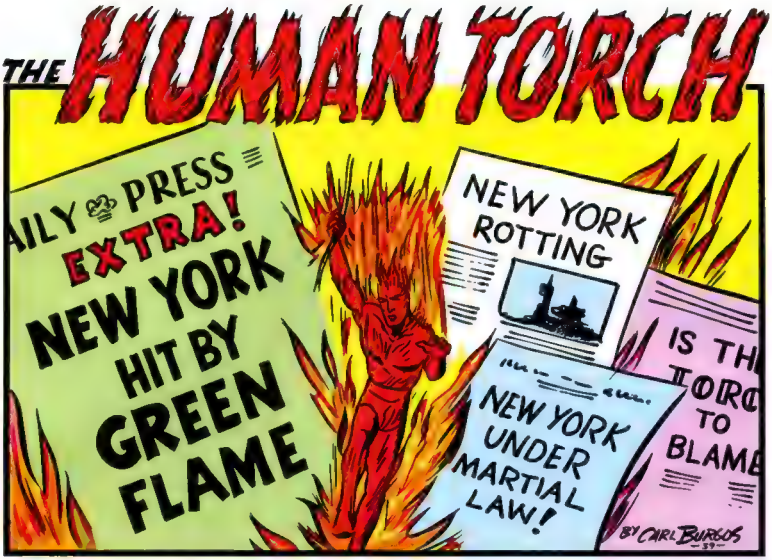
KATHRYN IMMONEN • SARA PICHELLI

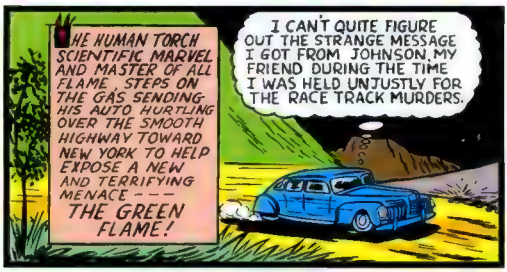
COVERS BY DAVID LAFUENTE

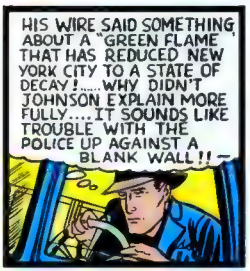
JUNE 2009

70 YEARS MARVEL

THE HUMAN TORCH




THE HUMAN TORCH SCIENTIFIC MARVEL AND MASTER OF ALL FLAME, STEPS ON THE GAS SENDING HIS AUTO HURTLING OVER THE SMOOTH HIGHWAY TOWARD NEW YORK TO HELP EXPOSE A NEW AND TERRIFYING MENACE --- THE GREEN FLAME!
I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE OUT THE STRANGE MESSAGE I GOT FROM JOHNSON, MY FRIEND DURING THE TIME I WAS HELD UNJUSTLY FOR THE RACE TRACK MURDERS.


HIS WIRE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A 'GREEN FLAME' THAT HAS REDUCED NEW YORK CITY TO A STATE OF DECAY!.....WHY DIDN'T JOHNSON EXPLAIN MORE FULLY....IT SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE UP AGAINST A BLANK WALL!!

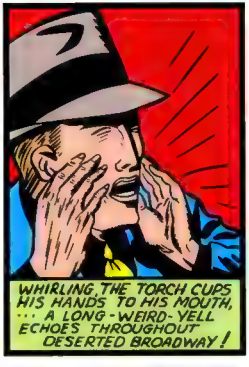
MAYBE I'M WRONG BUT THAT FELLOW IS EITHER SCARED OF NEW YORK, OR JUST PLAIN CRAZY!— ··HELLO·· THERE'S A ROAD SIGN ·· GOOD, I'M ON THE RIGHT ROAD!—
NEW YORK
LATER
GREAT SCOTT! BROADWAY IS A SHAMBLES AND DESERTED··OH-OH HERE COMES A POLICE CAR!—
WHE-E-E
?
S-SCREECH
SCREECH
OK. BUD, OUTSIDE -WE WANT TO CHECK YOUR CREDENTIALS! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
CREDENTIALS?
YEAH!-SINCE NEW YORK IS UNDER MARTIAL LAW ALL OUT OF TOWN CARS MUST BE REGISTERED!— YOU'S JUST AIN'T! NOW? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JOHNSON WARNED ME NOT TO REVEAL MY REAL IDENTITY.
-ER- HAMOND -JIM HAMOND
WHAT GOES ON HERE, CLANCY?
WHO TH··OH- IT'S YOU IN- SPECTOR REISS -HE DIDN'T REGISTER HIS CAR!—
YOU KNOW YOUR ORDERS! ARREST HIM!-
LOOK!
FROM AROUND THE CORNER A STRANGE GREEN SHAPE SEEMINGLY FLOATS SWIFTLY TOWARD THE TRIO!—
RUN-YOU SAP! OR IT'LL GET YOU!— THAT'S ONE OF THE GREEN FLAMES!
IF HE ONLY KNEW I'M THE HUMAN TORCH!
WHY? I'M NOT SCARED OF FIRE!

GIRL WITHOUT A WORLD

CAPTAIN AMERICA

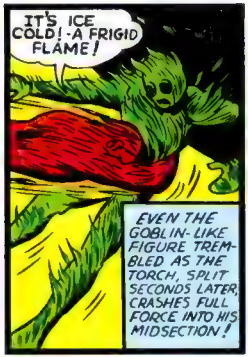
ISSUE #600

MARVEL

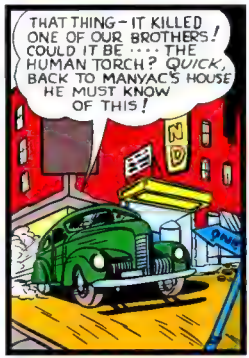


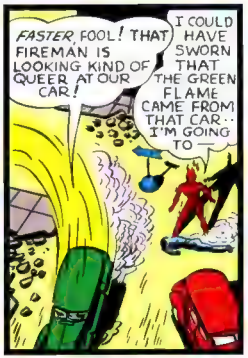
BUT AS THE GREEN MENACE KEEPS MOVING-THE TORCH PREPARES TO MEET HIS ONCOMING FOE!

BUT, I'LL SOON KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY ARE ···
THEN WHAT BAFFLED SCIENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, SUDDENLY CAME TO LIFE··AS A SELF-IMPOSED ORDER IS FLASHED TO THE TORCH'S BRAIN- INSTANTLY HIS ENTIRE BODY IS A MASS OF FLAME.


IT'S ICE COLD! -A FRIGID FLAME!
EVEN THE GOBLIN-LIKE FIGURE TREMBLED AS THE TORCH, SPLIT SECONDS LATER, CRASHES FULL FORCE INTO HIS MIDSECTION!

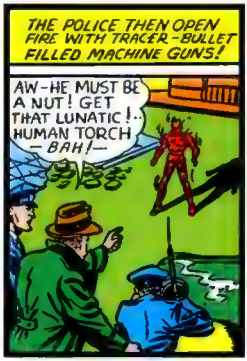
AS THE ICED MAN GOES LIMP, THE TORCH LETS THE NOW CHARRED BODY SLUMP TO THE PAVEMENT.

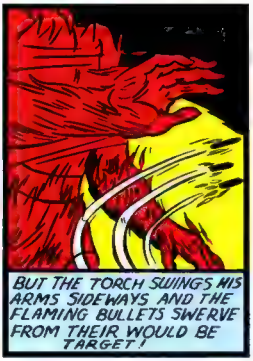


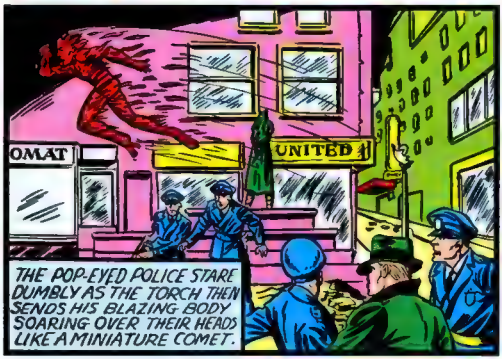

FASTER, FOOL! THAT FIREMAN IS LOOKING KIND OF QUEER AT OUR CAR!
I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT THE GREEN FLAME CAME FROM THAT CAR·· I'M GOING TO—

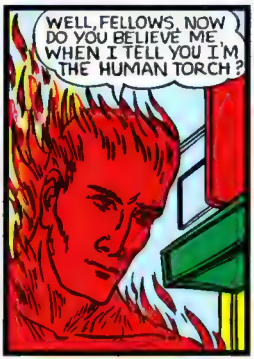
BUT AS THE TORCH STARTS TO GIVE CHASE ·····
LOOK! ON THE GROUND - A GREEN MAN! ··· WHO'S THE RED ONE? WHERE'S THAT FELLOW JIM HAMOND?
PROBABLY MURDERED BY THAT FLAMING PERSON! GET HIM!
3

TOO LATE! THE CAR MADE GOOD IT'S GET-A-WAY! WELL, WHY DO YOU STARE SO-I'M THE HUMAN TORCH!!
AND I'M THE KING OF ENGLAND!
RKO
PAL


THE POLICE THEN OPEN FIRE WITH TRACER-BULLET FILLED MACHINE GUNS!
AW-HE MUST BE A NUT! GET THAT LUNATIC!.. HUMAN TORCH - BAH!—


BUT THE TORCH SWINGS HIS ARMS SIDEWAYS AND THE FLAMING BULLETS SWERVE FROM THEIR WOULD BE TARGET!


OMAT
UNITED
THE POP-EYED POLICE STARE DUMBLY AS THE TORCH THEN SENDS HIS BLAZING BODY SOARING OVER THEIR HEADS LIKE A MINIATURE COMET.

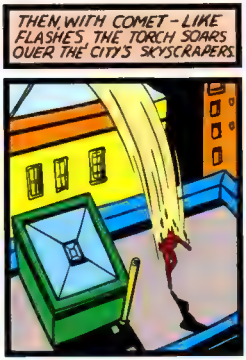

WELL, FELLOWS, NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU I'M THE HUMAN TORCH?

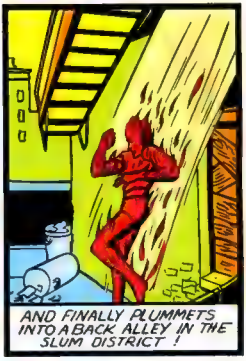
LISTEN-THE TORCH ISN'T A KILLER! YET, JIM HAMOND, WHO WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO--ISN'T! I THINK HE WAS MURDERED!--DON'T MOVE--OR I'LL BLAST YOU!!
OH! IT'S YOU, INSPECTOR REISS!
4

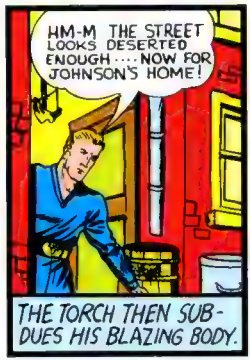
I WARNED YOU, YOU FOOL!--THERE!
HAH! SEE-YOUR BULLETS ARE MELTING BEFORE THEY EVEN TOUCH ME!

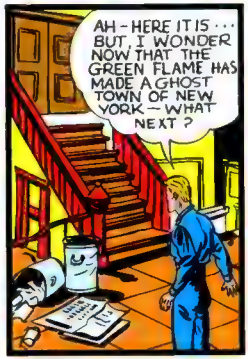
GLORY BE! THAT FLAME MELTED MY GUN!! MAYBE HE IS THE HUMAN TORCH!
THE TORCH THEN LETS LOOSE A STREAK OF FLAME THAT CRASHES INTO REISS'S PISTOL

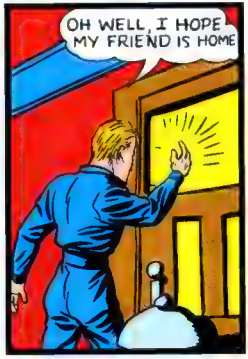
... BE SEEING YOU, INSPECTOR REISS!
AND EVEN IF HE IS, I STILL THINK HE KILLED JIM HAMOND!


THEN WITH COMET-LIKE FLASHES, THE TORCH SOARS OVER THE CITY'S SKYSCRAPERS


AND FINALLY PLUMMETS INTO A BACK ALLEY IN THE SLUM DISTRICT!


HM-M THE STREET LOOKS DESERTED ENOUGH ···· NOW FOR JOHNSON'S HOME!
THE TORCH THEN SUB-DUES HIS BLAZING BODY.

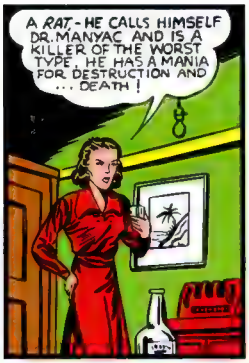

AH-HERE IT IS ··· BUT, I WONDER NOW THAT THE GREEN FLAME HAS MADE A GHOST TOWN OF NEW YORK -- WHAT NEXT?


OH WELL, I HOPE MY FRIEND IS HOME

HELLO-JOHNSON!
TORCH! YOU GOT MY MESSAGE ··COME IN··YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
5

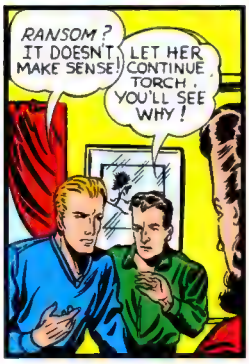
WHAT TH-
PUT THAT GUN DOWN MAIZIE-HE'S A FRIEND!

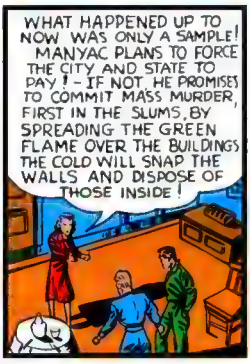
TORCH, THIS IS MAIZIE-ONE OF THE BEST UNDERCOVER WOMEN IN THE BUSINESS!
SORRY ABOUT THE GUN ··· I THOUGHT MANYAC WAS TRAILING ME!
MANYAC, WHO'S HE?


A RAT - HE CALLS HIMSELF DR. MANYAC AND IS A KILLER OF THE WORST TYPE. HE HAS A MANIA FOR DESTRUCTION AND ... DEATH!

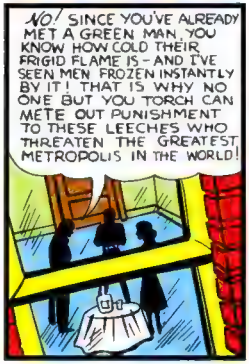
IS A CHEMIST BY TRADE AND ALSO THE INVENTOR OF THE SUPER COLD GREEN FLAME - WHICH CAN CRACK CONCRETE WITH ITS FROST! YOU'VE EVEN SEEN THE RESULTS OF THE FLAME EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT NEW YORK!

YES - I'VE ALSO MET ONE OF THE GREEN FLAMES. BUT, WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS?
RANSOM!


RANSOM? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
LET HER CONTINUE TORCH. YOU'LL SEE WHY!


WHAT HAPPENED UP TO NOW WAS ONLY A SAMPLE! MANYAC PLANS TO FORCE THE CITY AND STATE TO PAY! - IF NOT HE PROMISES TO COMMIT MASS MURDER, FIRST IN THE SLUMS, BY SPREADING THE GREEN FLAME OVER THE BUILDINGS THE COLD WILL SNAP THE WALLS AND DISPOSE OF THOSE INSIDE!

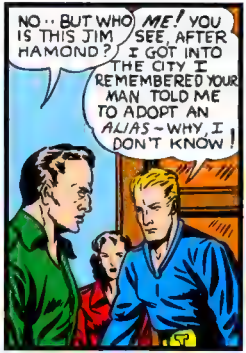
AND THEN START AN ATTACK IN THE MORE RESERVED AREAS - LIKE SNOOTY PARK AVE! AND HE CAN DO IT!
GOOD LORD CAN'T THE POLICE HELP STOP IT?


NO! SINCE YOU'VE ALREADY MET A GREEN MAN, YOU KNOW HOW COLD THEIR FRIGID FLAME IS - AND I'VE SEEN MEN FROZEN INSTANTLY BY IT! THAT IS WHY NO ONE BUT YOU TORCH CAN METE OUT PUNISHMENT TO THESE LEECHES WHO THREATEN THE GREATEST METROPOLIS IN THE WORLD!

YOU'LL HAVE A FREE HAND, TORCH. WHAT DO YOU SAY? WILL YOU HELP US?

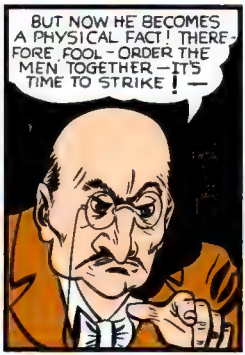
BEFORE THE TORCH CAN ANSWER - A NEWS BROADCAST MAKES JOHNSON'S EYES POP!
THEN THE STRANGE MAN CLAIMED HE IS THE HUMAN TORCH BUT INSPECTOR REISS SAYS HE IS THE MURDERER OF JIM HAMOND!

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT TORCH?
DO YOU THINK I'M A KILLER?

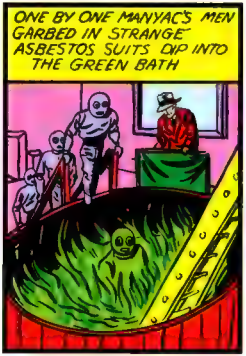

NO·· BUT WHO IS THIS JIM HAMOND?
ME! YOU SEE, AFTER I GOT INTO THE CITY I REMEMBERED YOUR MAN TOLD ME TO ADOPT AN ALIAS - WHY, I DON'T KNOW!

OF COURSE - IT ALL COMES BACK NOW! SOMEONE STARTED A RUMOR THAT YOU TORCH WAS BEHIND THE GREEN FLAME - AND WHEN YOU PUT YOUR FLAME ON - HAMOND VANISHES··· NOW REISS THINKS YOU BUMPED HIM OFF.
HAH! THAT'S RICH!

MEANWHILE - ACROSS TOWN IN THE DINGY OFFICE OF DR. MANYAC·····
I TELL YA DOC, IT WAS THE TORCH, HE KILLED ONE OF OUR BROTHERS!
AND I THOUGHT THE HUMAN TORCH WAS JUST A MYTH!


BUT NOW HE BECOMES A PHYSICAL FACT! THEREFORE, FOOL - ORDER THE MEN TOGETHER — IT'S TIME TO STRIKE! —

YES - TORCH OR NO TORCH - WE'LL CARRY OUT MY THREAT, WHICH WAS REFUSED, TO THE LETTER··· WELL, ON YOUR WAY! BUT FIRST PREPARE THE GREEN BATH FOR THE MEN···
O.K. I'M GOIN!

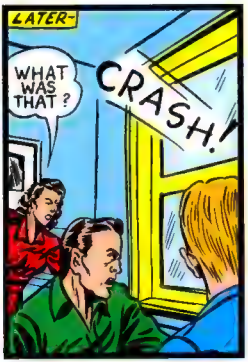

ONE BY ONE MANYAC'S MEN GARBED IN STRANGE ASBESTOS SUITS DIP INTO THE GREEN BATH

AND PRESENTLY EMERGE WITH A GLOWING GREEN FLAME!
7

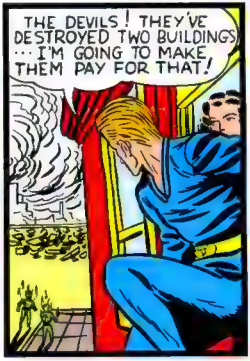
YOUR ORDERS ARE TO DESTROY THE SLUM SECTION, AND I, YOUR CHIEF, SHALL WATCH YOU — I DON'T WANT ANY SLIP-UPS··· NOW GO!

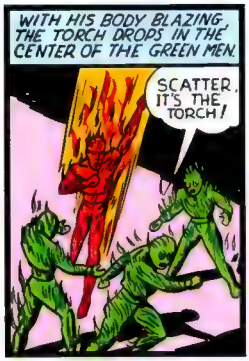
DAYS OF MARVEL® PAST

This advertisement appeared in Marvel Comics published in 1983.

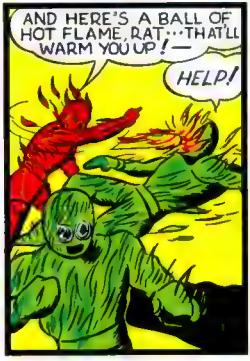

LATER-
WHAT WAS THAT?
CRASH!

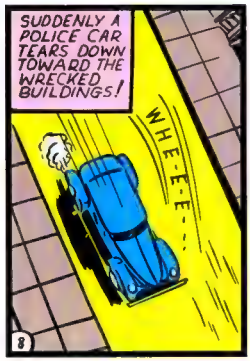
LOOK! IT'S THE GREEN FLAME··THEY'VE STARTED THEIR REIGN OF TERROR!


THE DEVILS! THEY'VE DESTROYED TWO BUILDINGS ··· I'M GOING TO MAKE THEM PAY FOR THAT!

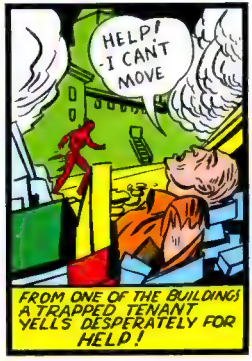

WITH HIS BODY BLAZING, THE TORCH DROPS IN THE CENTER OF THE GREEN MEN.
SCATTER, IT'S THE TORCH!

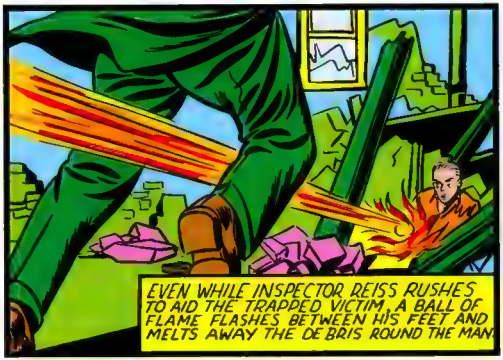
OH-NO YOU DON'T!


AND HERE'S A BALL OF HOT FLAME, RAT···THAT'LL WARM YOU UP!—
HELP!

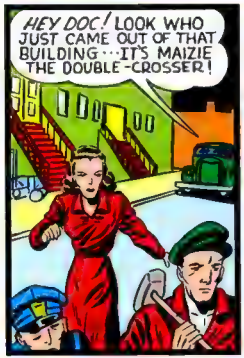

SUDDENLY A POLICE CAR TEARS DOWN TOWARD THE WRECKED BUILDINGS!
WHE-E-E-E-!
8

LOOK- IT'S THE GREEN FLAME AND THAT KILLER THE TORCH! WANT ME TO GET HIM, REISS?
NOT YET! LET HIM POLISH OFF THE GREEN MEN, FIRST! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO IT!


HELP! -I CAN'T MOVE
FROM ONE OF THE BUILDINGS A TRAPPED TENANT YELLS DESPERATELY FOR HELP!


EVEN WHILE INSPECTOR REISS RUSHES TO AID THE TRAPPED VICTIM, A BALL OF FLAME FLASHES BETWEEN HIS FEET AND MELTS AWAY THE DEBRIS ROUND THE MAN.

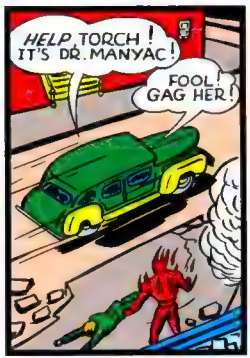
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES - THANKS TO THAT BALL OF FIRE!


HEY DOC! LOOK WHO JUST CAME OUT OF THAT BUILDING···IT'S MAIZIE THE DOUBLE-CROSSER!

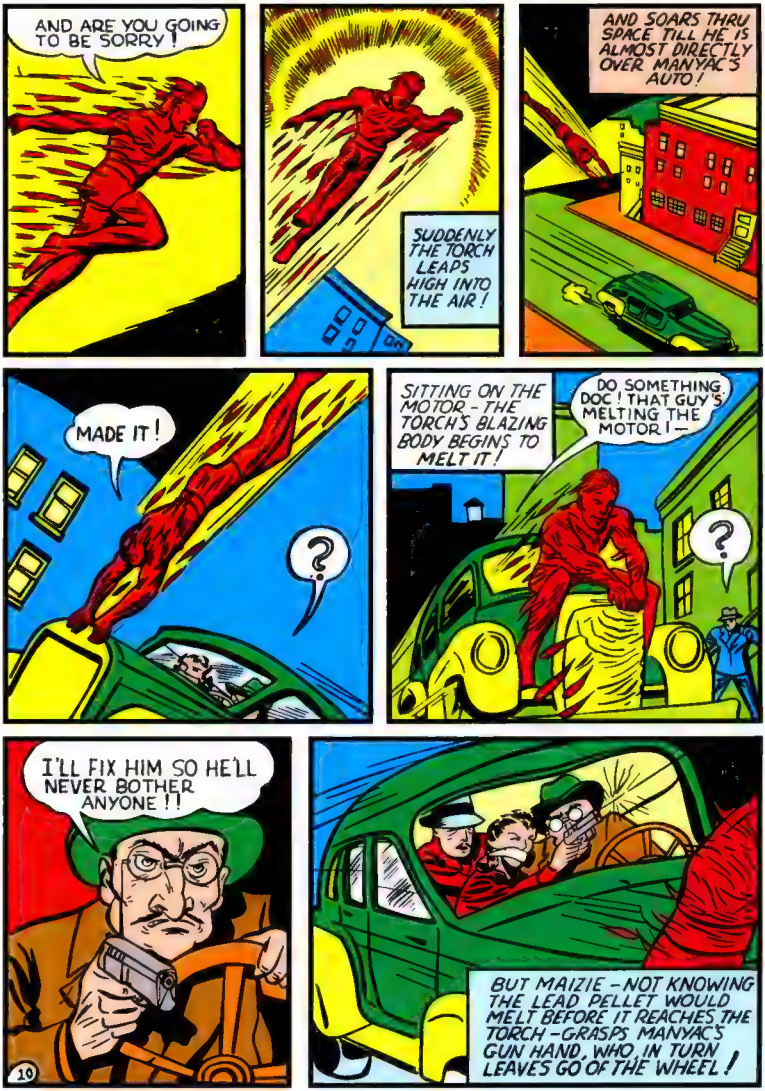
GET HER, BUT USE A LITTLE TACT DOING IT! I DON'T WANT THE TORCH ON MY NECK!

HELLO, MAIZIE··· DON'T YELL OR I'LL BLAST YOUR HEAD OFF···START MOVING-NONCHALANT LIKE···GET IT?
OH! IT'S YOU!

WELL, WELL-WE MEET AGAIN! NOW I'M RECOMPENSED FOR THE TORCH'S INTERFERENCE IN MY LITTLE SCHEME! GET INTO THE CAR!
9


HELP, TORCH! IT'S DR. MANYAC!
FOOL! GAG HER!

THAT WAS MAIZIE'S VOICE! O.K. MANYAC - YOUR TIME IS UP!


AND ARE YOU GOING TO BE SORRY!
SUDDENLY THE TORCH LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR!
AND SOARS THRU SPACE TILL HE IS ALMOST DIRECTLY OVER MANYAC'S AUTO!
MADE IT!
?
SITTING ON THE MOTOR - THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY BEGINS TO MELT IT!
DO SOMETHING DOC! THAT GUY'S MELTING THE MOTOR! —
?
I'LL FIX HIM SO HE'LL NEVER BOTHER ANYONE!!
BUT MAIZIE - NOT KNOWING THE LEAD PELLET WOULD MELT BEFORE IT REACHES THE TORCH - GRASPS MANYAC'S GUN HAND, WHO, IN TURN LEAVES GO OF THE WHEEL!
10

ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION, THE TORCH WHIRLS ABOUT JUST AS THE CAR SWERVES WILDLY ONTO THE SIDEWALK AND CRASHES INTO A FIRE HYDRANT! A GEYSER OF WATER SHOOTS UP FULL FORCE INTO THE TORCH AND BEGINS TO SMOULDER HIS FLAME ··

MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING YOU STARTED TO STRUGGLE, MAIZIE! — LOOK AT THE TORCH! HE CAN'T TAKE WATER!

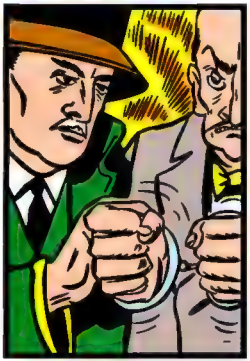
WHILE THE TORCH COMBATS THE WATER — MANYAC DRAGS MAIZIE IN AN EFFORT TO LOSE THE FLAMING MAN!

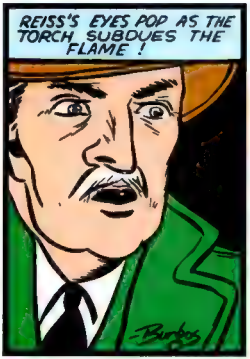
THEN YOU BETTER STOP, MANYAC!

OH NO ·· UNLESS YOU START MOVING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION I'LL BLAST HER BRAINS OUT!

IT WON'T BE NECESSARY, I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

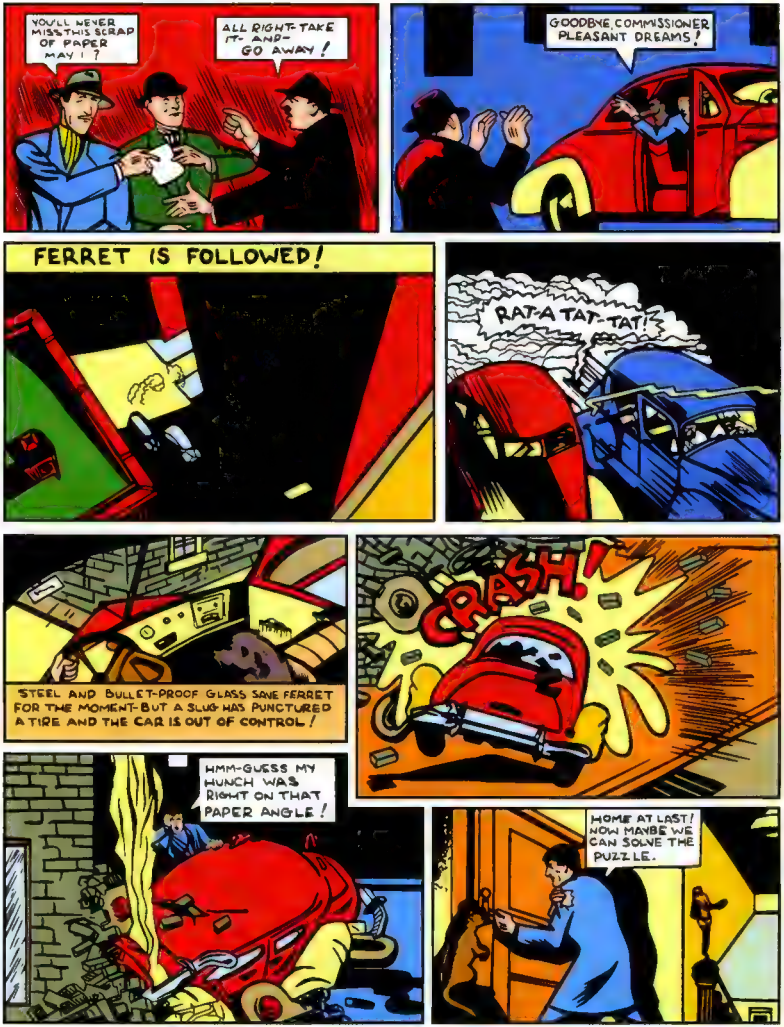
BUT SUDDENLY, THE TORCH WHIRLS AND SENDS A BALL OF FLAME THAT CURVES AROUND MAIZIE, CRASHES INTO MANYAC BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER!





NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER COMPLETE
~~HUMAN TORCH~~
PICTURE - ACTION STORY !

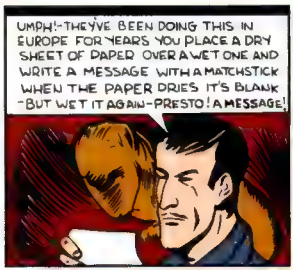
FERRET
MYSTERY DETECTIVE
BY
DOCKBRIDGE WINSLOW
'NOSEY'
C'MON NOSEY- SOMETHING'S UP!
F-2
WHILE DRIVING, FERRET PICKS UP A POLICE CALL ON HIS SHORT WAVE SET- IT IS SIGNAL 23 - A SHOOTING! HE HURRIES TO INVESTIGATE
GOOD EVENING, COMMISSIONER. HOW'S TRICKS?
OH IT'S YOU, EH? COME TO POKE YOUR LONG MEDDLING NOSE IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS, HUH?
TSK. TSK. COMMISSIONER! STILL SORE BECAUSE I CAUGHT YOUR JEWEL THIEVES FOR YOU?
WHY- IT'S LITTLE FRANKIE! DID HE SAY WHO SHOT HIM?
NO- TOO FAR GONE- HE WAS ON HIS WAY HERE WITH INFORMATION
I'LL MAKE A BET WITH YOU- GIVE ME THE LEAST IMPORTANT ARTICLE FROM FRANKIES POCKETS AND I'LL SOLVE THE CRIME!
RUN ALONG, FERRET! I'M BUSY!
HOSPITAL


YOU'LL NEVER MISS THIS SCRAP OF PAPER MAY I?
ALL RIGHT-TAKE IT- AND- GO AWAY!
GOODBYE, COMMISSIONER PLEASANT DREAMS!
FERRET IS FOLLOWED!
RAT-A TAT-TAT!
STEEL AND BULLET-PROOF GLASS SAVE FERRET FOR THE MOMENT-BUT A SLUG HAS PUNCTURED A TIRE AND THE CAR IS OUT OF CONTROL!
CRASH!
HMM-GUESS MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT ON THAT PAPER ANGLE!
HOME AT LAST! NOW MAYBE WE CAN SOLVE THE PUZZLE.

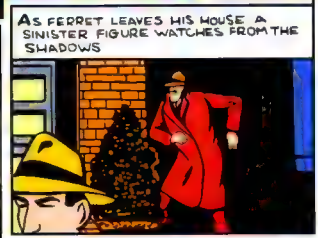
IN HIS PRIVATE LABORTORY, FERRET SUBJECTS THE PAPER TO MANY TESTS.

A DEVELOPING SOLUTION

SOMETHING'S COMING


UMPH!-THEY'VE BEEN DOING THIS IN EUROPE FOR YEARS. YOU PLACE A DRY SHEET OF PAPER OVER A WET ONE AND WRITE A MESSAGE WITH A MATCHSTICK WHEN THE PAPER DRIES IT'S BLANK -BUT WET IT AGAIN-PRESTO! A MESSAGE!

100 FOR 20
500 FOR 75
1000 FOR 100
#1 CATHERINE ST


AS FERRET LEAVES HIS HOUSE A SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS

MM-NOT A LIGHT IN THE PLACE !

I SUPPOSE I COULDVE FORCED THE DOOR, BUT I PREFER A WINDOW

YOU STAY HERE, NOSEY! I'M GOING IN!
FERRET BEGINS HIS SEARCH, WHEN-
HOW D'YA LIKE THIS, MR. SNOOPER?
C'MON MISTER- WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT US?
I'LL MAKE HIM TALK!
SMACK
ONE HOUR LATER
HE WON'T TALK!
I HIT HIM WITH EVERY-THING
AW-MAYBE HE DON'T KNOW NUTHIN'
TIE HIM UP AND PUT HIM IN THERE- THE BOSS'LL MAKE HIM TALK!
FERRET WHISTLES SOFTLY
THIRTY MINUTES DRAG BY-THERE IS A FAINT SCRATCHING-AND A QUEER LITTLE BODY SQUEEZES THROUGH A HOLE IN THE WALL

ATTABOY, NOSEY, YOU'RE A DARLING.

I'LL JUST LET THE BOYS KNOW I'M LEAVING
CRUSH!

C'MON! WE GOTTA GET HIM!

THIS ALLEY IS JUST THE PLACE!

COME'N GET ME!
FERRET STRETCHES A ROPE ACROSS THE ALLEY—

AND TRIPS THE GANGSTERS

I'M GOING TO PAY YOU BACK WITH INTEREST!

NOW I'LL WAIT FOR YOUR BOSS
THE MYSTERY'S BOSS ARRIVES
I'LL FIX YOU, MR. WISEGUY!
NOSEY!
FERRET!
'LO, RICKEY! I KNEW YOU WERE BACK WHEN I SAW YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPER COMING OFF THE LINER- COUNT RINALDO'EM? HA HA!
NOSEY LEAPS AND GIVES FERRET HIS OPPORTUNITY
THE FERRET EXPLAINS THE MYSTERY
HERE'S THE LAYOUT, COMMISSIONER-RICKEY IS THE KING OF COUNTERFEITERS, BUT THE WAR DROVE HIM OUT OF EUROPE THAT PAPER YOU GAVE ME WAS HIS NOTICE TO THE UNDERWORLD THAT HE WAS SELLING THE QUEER AT $20 FOR $100 WORTH ETC
DRAT IT, FERRET, YOU'VE MADE FOOLS OF US AGAIN!

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I.
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